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HONOLULU, HAWAII TERRITORY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1901.—TWELVE PAGES.

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DR. NEGLECT YOUR EYES; you
are but one pair. Don't wear other
men's glasses; your eyes differ from
theirs. Don't wear cheap, improperly
made glasses; they will ruin your eyes.
Consult S. E. LUCAS, OPTICIAN,
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posite Union Feed Co.

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W. D. AVERY.—Public Stenographer, at
Pearl, Lansing's Insurance department,
ground floor, Judd Bldg.; Tel. Main 369.

Tram Car Derailed.

Tramcar 37 jumped the track on Berta-
nia street last night near Thomas
street and delayed traffic for some time.
The car was covered with stones and
the drivers of the cars had to clear the
road before going ahead.

For more than half a century the

old Jesse Moore Whiskey has been a

favorite with connoisseurs. To be had at

Lovejoy & Co.'s, Honolulu.

BREWERY HOW READY.

Will Start First
Brew This
Morning.

SEVENTY BARRELS
WILL BE MADE

Plant is Modern in Every Respect
—Bottling House to be Built
on Acquired Land.

At 7 o'clock this morning the Honolu-
lu Brewing Company will commence
to brew the first beer ever produced in
Honolulu. The plant which has been
in the course of construction for more
than a year is about completed and the
finishing touches upon the great copper
and steel vats were being made yester-
day afternoon by E. J. Waterman, the
brewmaster. Within a short time Honolu-
lians who care for the beverage
will have an opportunity to taste the
home-brewed product.

The tall red building on Queen street
which houses the great mass of ma-
chinery necessary to turn out the lager
was a beehive of industry yesterday
and employees were hurrying hither and
thither making the many rooms ready
for the brewing of the beer. Some of
the rooms were heated to such a tem-
perature that it was difficult to breathe
and yet but a few feet distant, sepa-
rated only by wooden walls, were rooms
which were filled with chilled air, suf-
ficient to freeze a person should he stay
there for any length of time. For two
weeks the ammonia pipes which ramify
every portion of these cold storage
rooms have been giving forth their
frigid atmosphere and when the amber
liquid has gone through the myriad
processes from malt to wort and been
filtered through a queer-looking ma-
chine which looks for all the world like
a big metal bass drum, it will stand
the arctic test of these rooms until
ready to be barreled and made ready
for consumption.

The building is supplied with electric
and steam power throughout and the
system of belting and shafting from the
ground floor to the upper room where
the malt is stored and fed into the re-
ceiving hopper is planned to make the
machinery work almost perfect. Elec-
tric lamps, switchboards and annunci-
ators abound in the building and every
room and department is in touch with
the office of the brewmaster, which is
located in the very heart of the ma-
chinery and vat system.

The different floors, if such they can
be called, for most of them are but
half-landings with sufficient ceiling
height for the immense vats, are con-
nected with zigzag stairways. At the
very top of the building is the floor
from which the brewing process starts.
Two thousand bags of malt are stored
in the main building and today about
7,000 pounds—an amount that will make
seventy-five barrels of beer—will be
turned into the metal hopper, whence
it is graduated into the cleaning reel
on the landing below. Here the malt
is cleaned of all foreign substances.
Next the malt goes into the mill where
it is chopped and ground into a flour,
the whole process being visible through
glass screens. It is then carried by
belt elevators into the scale hopper,
where the flour is weighed. Thence it
is carried into the mash vat, where the
malt is extracted by hot water. The
product is called the wort, which is
then run into an immense copper ket-
tle, where it is boiled. Hops are added
in this vat.

This process completed, the wort is
pumped back to the top floor again to
the hop jack, only a few feet from the
receiving hopper. Here the hops are
extracted from the wort, which is then
run into a cooler which has a tempera-
ture of 46 degrees. The liquid is al-
lowed to remain in the cooler for ten to
twelve days to "age" in a temperature
of 28 degrees Fahrenheit. This room
contains ten tanks, each of a capacity
of seventy-five barrels. The room is
covered with ammonia-filled pipes and
is kept at an even temperature at all
times. This process ended, the beer is
allowed to run down by gravity pipes
into the storage cellar. It is then led
to the chip cellar, where it is charged
with carbonic acid gas, after which it
is ready to be barreled and placed on
the market.

The machinery is in perfect condition
and when the brew is on the bottom
floor ready to be lifted to the top floor
into the hop jack, seventy-five barrels
of liquid can be so transferred in fif-
teen minutes. The brewing machinery
was manufactured in Chicago, while
the cooling apparatus came from Cin-
cinnati and is of the type found in most
of the large breweries in the United
States.

In the cold storage and engine build-
ing the company has two ice-making
machines capable of a daily output of
twenty-five tons. The blocks are made
from the clearest of water pumped
from the company's 875-foot artesian
well. Each block of ice weighs 300
pounds. Cold storage rooms, rented for
market purposes, contain hundreds of

(Continued on Page 2.)

HOW SCHOONER NORMA
LANDED HER OPIUM CARGO

Written for the Advertiser by J. E. Lawton.

MRS. CARRIE NATION
THE SALOON-WRECKERMrs. Carrie Nation hopes to induce all Kansas women to join
her crusade.

ON A BITTER cold day in Decem-
ber, 1892, I was forlornly tramping
the streets of New York, penniless
and completely stranded. Resources I
had none. I knew nothing of the sub-
tle and devious ways by which beach-
combers and professional tramps man-
age to live in clover, and if I did I am
quite sure I could not have made use
of them. I had just served a three years'
cruise in the Navy. I had been dis-
charged and paid off with the privilege
of re-enlisting within three months' time
with a bonus of three months' pay, and
an increase of one dollar a month, which
is the rule in the Naval Service. Now,
strange as it may seem, although I had
just served a three years' cruise, I knew
absolutely nothing about seamanship or
the duties of a seaman. I had shipped
as a landsman, and was transferred al-
most immediately from the receiving
ship to a cruising ship bound for the
European station. I was a tall, strong
young chap, and the paymaster's yeoman
selected me for the billet of Jack-of-the-
dust, the duties of which are to assist
the yeoman in the handling and serving
out of the paymaster's stores. The pay
was larger than that of able seaman
and the duties less exacting and more
congenial, and this explains why at the
end of my three years' cruise I knew
nothing of the duties of a seaman—not
even to the boxing of the compass. I
had had a large pay day, and as my
mind was made up to re-enlist, I had
been "blowing myself" like a prince of
the blood, and having what sailors call
a "royal old time," which consists of
pouring some kind of alcoholic poison
down your throat every few minutes,
and allowing yourself to be plundered.
Well, I had my month of this and I
woke up one morning to find I had but
ten dollars left. My nerves were in a
pretty bad way after my long spell of
dissipation, and, knowing I would have
to be back to normal condition in order
to pass the doctor for re-enlistment, I
broke away from my haunts, and spent
my remaining ten dollars in sobering up.
Before going aboard I spent my last
quarter for breakfast. Unfortunately for
me there was an old crank of a surgeon
on board the receiving ship as examining
medical officer, whose hobby was heart
disease. He was notorious throughout
the service for rejecting men whose
hearts were as sound and strong as con-
frugal pumps, and passing men who
truly had heart trouble. He was a tall,
thin man with pipestems of legs, and
really looked as if he had never had a
square meal in his life. I confess that
when I found out it was this man who
was to examine me that I did have heart
trouble for a few moments. When I had
stripped and presented myself before
him he eyed me from where he sat in
his chair with a cold, cynical smile that
sent a chill down my spinal column.

"My man," he said, "you are what
most people would call a fine specimen
of muscular development. You muscular
men don't know that you attain your
development in that line at the expense
of your heart action. Why, you are il-
lible to go off any time like the snuffing
out of a candle."

He then subjected me to a most rig-
orous examination, and when he had fin-
ished he looked at me with his cold
smile and said, "Apparently perfect in
every way. Now, young man, I will
subject you to the final and infallible
test. Stand on your left foot! Now I
want you to hop around this room as
fast as you can until I tell you to stop."

I started hopping and he followed me
around the room crying, "Faster! faster!
Keep it up! Keep it up!" I hopped and

hopped until I thought my leg would
surely drop off, and I finally stopped
from sheer exhaustion. He immediately
clapped his stethoscope over my heart,
held it there for nearly a minute while
a grin of demonic triumph gradually
spread over his lean, yellow face. Re-
moving his stethoscope and straighten-
ing himself up, he cried, exultingly:
"Young man, you have got heart trou-
ble of the most pronounced type."

I could keep my temper no longer, and
I shouted at him, "You—old dried-up
mummy of an idiot, you ought to be
locked up in an insane asylum!" And,
boiling over with wrath, I donned my
clothes and was taken ashore, dead
broke, and the thermometer close to
zero. What to do I knew not. Mechan-
ically I wandered up and down the wa-
terfront, staring listlessly at the ship-
ping. Towards evening I found myself
standing gazing dully at a full-rigged
ship lying at one of the East river piers.
The pangs of hunger were gnawing at
my stomach and I felt as helpless as a
baby. I must have presented a woe-be-
gone spectacle, for a little, wiry man,
der the worse for liquor, unsteadily
hove to in front of me and bawled,
"What's the matter, shipmate? You
look as if you had buried your last
friend. How would a drop of good liquor
strike you? I've got a bottle of prime
stuff here—none of your Yankee rot, but
Burke's good old Irish mountain dew."

You don't look like one of these New
York toughs or loafers—larrikins, we
used to call 'em in Australia—but rather
like a good man gone astray. Can I do
anything for you, shipmate?"

I told him in a few words just how I
was situated, and he clapped me on the
back, crying, "Don't get down in the
mouth over a little thing like that, my
boy. I've been on the rocks myself
many's a time. It's nothing when you
get used to it. You see this packet?"
he continued, pointing at the ship before
which we were standing. "Well, I'm
alone aboard of her, watching her till
she's loaded and ships a crew, and I'd
be glad of a little company. Come
aboard; you're as welcome as the flowers
in May."

I followed him up the Jacob's ladder,
which he hauled aboard after us, and aft
into the Captain's cabin. There was a
good fire in the stove and on top of it
was a water kettle, from which steam
was hospitably hissing. It did not take
my new acquaintance long to make two
stiff glasses of hot toddy, and while we
were sipping it and my host was volubly
bidding me to make myself at home and
to keep a stiff upper lip, I had leisure to
study his personal appearance. As I said
before, he was small and wiry, with a
very swarthy complexion, as became a
man who had spent most of his life un-
der the scorching sun of the tropics. His
eyes were very small and gray, and
sunk deeper into his head than the eyes
of any man I have ever seen before or
since. A deep scar extended from over
his left eye to away back of his left ear,
which he told me he had received in
Bowery dive during the Civil War for
singing "Rule Britannia." He added,
though, with a smile, which left me con-
vinced of the truth of his words, that
the wielder of the bottle never had any
more use for bottles in this world. He
was 56 years of age, as tough and wiry
as a sapling, and without a gray hair
in his head, although a rather spare,
dark mustache was slightly grizzled. His
name was Pat Curtis, and after he had
furnished me with a good meal, and re-
plenished the glasses, he entertained me
for several hours with the strange and
varied story of his life.

There are some men who impress you
by their manner of speech, and person-
ality, that they are speaking the truth
without making any attempt to so im-
press you. You involuntarily feel that
such men are incapable of lying, or even
of exaggeration. Curtis was one of these
men. Born in Ireland, his parents had
migrated to Portsmouth, England, while
he was a mere child. Brought up in this
great naval port, it was but natural that
he developed a passionate desire for the
sea. As his parents, like all Irish cou-
ples, had a hostful of children beside
himself, he had little trouble in per-
suading them to allow him to ship as an
apprentice in the Royal Navy when he was
twelve years of age. It so happened that
the ship Curtis was assigned to was or-
dered to Australia and arrived there
shortly before the discovery of gold.
When the news of the gold discovery
reached the ship, Curtis and another ap-
prentice deserted and made their way to
the mines. On account of their youth
Curtis and his companion were greatly
favored by the miners, and, though he
spent freely and went a pretty rapid gait
as he grew older, he nevertheless left
the mines in 1857 with £15,000 and settled
in Melbourne. Here he married a bar-
maid fresh from London and with her
opened a public house.

For three years they prospered and
made money, when Curtis suddenly dis-
covered that his wife was deceiving him.
Always a man of fiery temper, this dis-
covery drove him for the time being in-
sane. He watched his opportunity,
killed the man, and thought he had also
killed the woman, but she survived. Some
of Curtis' friends stowed him away on

(Continued on Page 2.)

KAMAAINA
DEAD.

Dr. Martin Hagan
Expires in Los
Angeles.

HAD CHARGE OF
LEPROSY HOSPITAL

Came to Honolulu in the 80's
and Became Identified With
Health Department.

The following notice taken from a Los
Angeles paper of the death of Dr. M.
Hagan will be read with regret by
many kamaainas of Honolulu, as the
deceased was well and popularly known
in this city both as a veteran of the
Civil War, a member of the Board of
Health, as well as personally. As a
surgeon and in the army he won un-
usual distinction and his death is a
public loss as well as a source of per-
sonal sorrow.

Dr. Martin Hagan, one of the promi-
nent physicians of Los Angeles, died
at his home, 839 South Spring street,
at 4:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon. A
third stroke of apoplexy brought death,
while the patient suffered sleep.

Dr. Hagan was at one time health
officer and later county physician. He
was one of the incorporators of the
Southern California bank and was one
of the five men who started the move-
ment which ended in the establishment
of Westlake park.

The deceased leaves a widow and two
sons, Dr. Ralph Hagan, ex-police sur-
geon, and Harry W. Hagan. An estate
approximating \$50,000 was deemed to be
left after the second stroke of apoplexy.

In accordance with the wishes of the
deceased, frequently expressed, there
will be no ostentation at the funeral
services, which will be held Thursday.
Though a prominent member of West-
gate lodge, F. & A. M., it was Dr. Ha-
gan's request that his remains be cre-
mated as soon as convenient after
death and that no elaborate funeral
services be held.

Martin Hagan was born in Tuscara-
wa county, Ohio, December 28, 1832.
He completed his literary education in
Columbia college, New York city, and
graduated in medicine from the Star-
ling Medical college, Columbus, Ohio, in
1856.

In August, 1861, he entered the mili-
tary service as assistant surgeon, Fifty-
first regiment, Ohio Volunteer In-
fantry, Army of the Ohio. He was
present at the battles of Fort Donelson,
Perryville, Stone River and Chat-
anooga. Owing to ill health he resigned
his position and after a few months'
rest he returned to the services as sur-
geon of the One Hundred and Sixty-
first regiment, Ohio Volunteer In-
fantry, which was sent to the Shenandoah
Valley, Virginia, being a part of the
time with General Sheridan. He partici-
pated in the battles of Harper's Ferry,
Maryland Heights and Winchester
and frequently acted as brigade sur-
geon. After being honorably discharged
in 1864 he returned to Tuscara-
wa county, Ohio, where he was elected
county treasurer the same fall.

After serving his term as treasurer,
he again entered college and in 1867 he
graduated from the College of Physi-
cians and Surgeons, New York city.

In August, 1867, he removed to St.
Paul, Minnesota, where he engaged in
the practice of his profession for four-
teen years. He went to the Hawaiian
Islands, starting from St. Paul in June,
1881. In 1882 he was placed in charge
of the Hawaiian Insane Asylum and
Leprosy Hospital by appointment from
the king. Resigning his position in
1884, he removed to Los Angeles. He
at once took an active part in the
growth and progress of the city and
invested largely in real estate. He was
elected health officer in 1887 and in
January, 1893, he was appointed county
physician, which position he held until
his health failed. He resigned in the
latter part of 1895. While in the hospi-
tal he contracted blood poisoning,
which was the cause of his prolonged
illness. In November, 1895, he suffered
his first stroke of apoplexy, which left
him paralyzed on the left side. The
second stroke of apoplexy was in No-
vember, 1898, which left him a total
paralytic. While sleeping yesterday
afternoon, as was his custom, he evi-
dently had a third stroke, which
brought his life to an end.

Stock Exchange's New Officers.

At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon a
meeting of the members of the Honolu-
lu Stock Exchange was held for the
election of officers. James F. Morgan
was elected president to succeed J. H.
Fisher. H. Armitage was re-elected vice
president; C. J. Falk was re-elected
secretary and J. R. Galt was made treasur-
er.

Other members of the Exchange are
J. H. Fisher, W. E. Brown, A. J. Camp-
bell, B. P. Dillingham, W. M. Giffard,
Frank Hustace, F. M. Lewis, W. A.
Love, E. C. Macfarlane, Albert Raas and
R. W. Shingle.

The Exchange is to be moved into the
new Stangenwald building, in "Brokers'
Row."